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FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1909.

California's Responsibility.

Under the guidance of a firm and intelligent executive, the State of California appears likely to avoid the dangerous legislation inspired by anti-Japanese agitators. It is now probable that the only one of the proposed measures that will become law is that restricting the right of aliens to own land. As originally worded, this measure applied to Japanese and Chinese only, a manifest discrimination that the Japanese would have properly resented. At Mr. Root's suggestion, a modification has been effected in the bill making it applicable to all aliens, and in this form it is without legal objection. There is similar legislation in several States, and Japan herself forbds alien ownership of land, although we understand a foreigner in Japan may obtain what is known as a superficies title, running for an indefinite term of years. Under such a title an alien acquires all surface rights, including the right of transfer, but he gains no right to subsurface deposits of stone or minerals, nor can he obtain title in fee simple. The proposed California law would give aliens substantially the same rights as are enjoyed by American citizens in Japan, and so would not be obnoxious to the terms of our treaty with that nation.

Whether even this legislation is expedient or necessary is a question respecting which there may be differences of opinion. Some Californians profess to think that the Japanese will soon own the major portion of the agricultural land in their State, and as the property-owning class of Japanese has free access to this country, and probably never will be excluded, there may be some basis for this contention. Still, on the whole, Japanese immigration of all classes has now been reduced to such small proportions that the danger of a Japanese absorption of California land to an extent menacing the State's welfare seems small. If the danger were imminent, the proposed legislation would be necessary, however inexpedient. It is a matter which the Californians must decide for themselves, with full consideration for the national aspect of their action, as presented by Mr. Roosevelt. They ought to bear in mind that the exclusion of Japanese coolies under our agreement with Japan is wholly a matter of comity, and should not be jeopardized by gratuitous discrimination against the citizens of a friendly power.

John Burroughs thinks the man with 70 cents is happier than the man with $70,000,000. For lack of sufficient information, the vast majority will neither affirm nor deny.

Mr. Rainey's Panama Speech.

The most interesting portion of Mr. Rainey's Panama speech relates to American schemes for the exploitation of the timber resources of the isthmian republic. One of these schemes includes the construction of a railroad by means of an issue of bonds, the interest on which is to be a liability on the Panaman revenues from invested capital, or from annual payments made by the United States as rental for the Canal Zone. Mr. Rainey regards this project as aimed at the confiscation of the entire revenue of the republic, which now amounts to only a few thousand dollars more than the liability sought to be imposed on it. As the United States government has nothing to do with the grants sought by money-making Americans from the Panaman government, it might be said that we have no authority to protect the republic from exploitation, but Mr. Rainey considers it the duty of this government to interfere to save Panama from the possible consequences of its own acts. It would be an unhappy day for that weakling country if its entire revenue should be mortgaged to promote some railroad adventure.

Mr. Rainey conceives William Nelson Cromwell to be at the bottom of these schemes, and, indeed, to be the evil genius of the Panama adventure from the very beginning. If we should accept the inferences Mr. Rainey evidently desires to have drawn from his remarks, we would be forced to conclude that President Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, as Secretary of War, played into the hands of the domineering attorney for the Panama Canal Company. Such a conclusion should be taken with proper caution. Of the revolution which severed Panama from Colombia and our immediate recognition of the new republic, Mr. Roosevelt has given a candid and circumstantial account in his message of January 4, 1904, wherein this government is expressly acquitted of any part in the promotion of that revolution. If Mr. Cromwell promoted it, the United States government felt entirely at liberty to seize the opportunity presented by the uprising, as was done in the case of Hawaii. Mr. Roosevelt does not blink the facts, and the reasons assigned by him for the prompt action of this government are convincing enough to the practical minded. The revolution, in fact, furnished a complete solution of a diplomatic problem that had hitherto been impossible of settlement by reason of the obstinacy and cupidity of Colombia. Doubtless an astute business all around, but justified by reasons of state. Inasmuch as the republic of Panama is an accomplished fact, and we are in possession of the Canal Zone on our own terms, discussion of the matter has a purely historic interest.

Unfortunately, Mr. Rainey seeks to involve the President-elect in a transaction few will be willing to believe him capable of. It is that of using his official influence to set up as President of Panama one of Cromwell's creatures, in order that the latter, in connection with Charles P. Taft and others, might be able to float their schemes for the exploitation of Panaman resources. Of course, Mr. Rainey does not directly charge the President-elect with complicity in the exploitation schemes, but he attempts to fasten on him responsibility for political conditions on the isthmus favorable to Cromwell's intrigues. We are unwilling to believe even this allegation to be well founded. Mr. Rainey's evidence is inconclusive, being circumstantial rather than direct, and the brief, but pointed, reply of Mr. Stevens, of Minnesota, puts quite another aspect on Mr. Taft's intervention in the Panama Presidential contest. It will take something more than a severe accusation, supported by inferential testimony, to break down popular faith in the President-elect.

While it appears to be charged that somebody was bought up in that Wisconsin Senatorial matter, it doesn't appear that Pittsburg aldermanic prices prevailed exactly.

Colorado's New Senator.

On March 4 next Henry M. Teller will be succeeded by Charles J. Hughes, who has been prominently identified with public utility enterprises in Denver. He was one of the few persons who contributed as much as $5,000 to the Bryan campaign fund, and has been rated as friendly to Mr. Bryan. But his first public utterance since his election to the Senate stamps him as a Democrat of the old school, opposed to paternalism of every brand, and an open advocate of the free-for-all system of economics. Naturally, he is a flat-footed opponent of the Roosevelt ian policy of conservation. He complains that the growth and development of the West are being hampered by the President's attempt to save the forests, coal mines, and other natural resources from exploitation by corporations without proper recompense to the government, and without regard to the interests of future generations. "A check," he says, "has been placed upon the kindling enthusiasm of enterprise, upon the wise, but adventurous, investment of capital, upon the onward march of a sturdy army of explorers and winners from the wilderness to civilization in this magnificent field of human hope and toil." He does not believe in storing up treasures for the future to dissipate, but in the immediate exploitation, even the waste, of our natural resources.

On the conservation policy, Mr. Hughes stands in direct opposition to another Western Democrat, Mr. Newlands, of Nevada, who has been a consistent supporter of the Rooseveltian programme. There are other Western Senators opposed to conservation, but Mr. Hughes is the most outspoken one of the lot, particularly in the frankness of his plea for corporation exploitation of the riches of nature. Everybody will know where he stands, anyway, and why he stands there.

Here's the point in the problem that gives us pause: If benzoate of soda is "perfectly harmless as a food preservative," why shy so at mentioning it on the label?

Chance for a Real Hawkshaw.

Over in New Jersey there is a mystery on tap that is giving people great worry. Some bold, bad burglar has stolen a house—yes, that's right; an entire house, doors, windows, front-steps, and all—and secreted it as completely and as utterly as if it had been a cheese-box or a wash-tub.

This unique theft was not accomplished all at once, either. Little by little, this house was made off with surreptitiously, until finally it was all gone. Prone, as ever, to lock the stable after the disappearance of the horse, the good citizens in the immediate neighborhood concerned in this story gave scant attention to the preliminary depredations in point. It was only when they discovered in amazement that the entire structure had vanished that they begin to sit up and take notice.

Careful search has been made for miles around. Other houses have been inspected; barns, fences, and what not have been diligently scrutinized for suspicious looking additions. Even lumber yards and planing mills have come in for a share of attention and polite investigation. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the local Sherlock Holmeses and Messieurs Lecocq are baffled as completely as if the very earth itself had opened and swallowed that house.

No wonder New Jersey is excited. The situation is quite thrilling. It isn't every State that can come forward with so novel a story. True, we have read of a certain variety of Western manipulators who make way with a million acres or so of land on occasions; also we have read of operators who pick up stray railroads that belong to other people. But a man whose specialty is feloniously grabbing houses and successfully concealing them—that is something new under the sun in the way of thievery.

We do not know what New Jersey is to do in the crisis now upon it. We feel for it; and we suspect its peace of mind and ability to sleep refreshingly at night depend in great measure upon the prompt and unmistakable solution of this perplexing puzzle. Our government Hawkshaws here in Washington have won some measure of repute of late in the matter of unraveling dark and awesome propositions, near-propositions, comedies, and so forth. Perhaps a squad of these gentlemen might run over to New Jersey and undertake to chase down that house. If they would, we feel sure they might be depended on to uncover something to make a fuss over, were it nothing more than a mare's nest.

That story to the effect that "Uncle Sam" had sent a lot of money from San Francisco to Denver for safekeeping in the event of a Japanese invasion was about the jingo limit, we think. Not that the money might not be safer in Denver, but that it was the Japanese whom "Uncle Sam" feared would get it away from him when he wasn't watching out.

In other words, Congress begs technically to assure Mr. Roosevelt that Mr. Willett never said it.

An Unaccepted Carnegie Offer.

Probably most Washingtonians have forgotten that several years ago Mr. Carnegie offered to give $350,000 for the construction of branch library buildings here, provided Congress would appropriate for their maintenance. This offer has not yet been accepted, and in their annual report the board of trustees of the Public Library state that if it is not accepted at this session of Congress it will "doubtless lapse." The reason for inaction on the part of Congress appears to be unwillingness to be obligated to pay the 10 per cent maintenance condition of Mr. Carnegie's donation. Yet the House, in the Fiftieth Congress, passed a bill accepting the donation, and the Senate has twice passed a bill accepting a portion of it for the construction of a branch library at Takoma Park, where the citizens have given a site. The fate of this last measure rests with the District Committee of the House, which has not so far reported favorably upon it.

The library trustees think it impossible to do much in the immediate future in the way of establishing branch libraries, but they make the excellent suggestion that Mr. Carnegie's gift be accepted, so that the building fund may be available whenever the District feels able to provide for the maintenance of branches. They say it would be the height of folly to neglect to seize the opportunity afforded by Mr. Carnegie's offer to obtain an adequate building fund, and regard it highly desirable that Congress take some definite action, either in acceptance or rejection of the Carnegie offer. In the meantime, seven branch libraries have been established on a small scale, without expense to the central library, other than that of books and supplies. The success of these branches indicates the desirability of permanent and well-equipped stations in those parts of the city most remote from the main building. Two or three branches such as it was proposed to establish at Takoma Park would be a great convenience to library users, and the rapid extension of the city outward will ultimately make their establishment a necessity. To have in hand a fund out of which branch buildings could be constructed from time to time would be a decided advantage, of which the people of the District ought not to be deprived by mere Congressional inaction.

A Mississippi man, after proposing to 201 different girls, has finally been accepted. That where there's a will there's always a way has never been controvertible.

Mr. Randolph Rose, one of the leading distillers of the South, having been chased from Georgia to Alabama and thence to Tennessee, has decided to throw up the sponge, in view of Tennessee's newly enacted prohibition law, and go into the wholesale drug business. Evidently this Rose has wearied thoroughly of such persistent transplanting.

A Philadelphia girl married a chauffeur under the impression he was a baron. She probably made a much luckier escape than she imagines.

Admiral Evans has been giving Mr. Henry Reuterdahl some hard nuts to crack here of late—not chestnuts, either.

"The President is a many-sided man," says a writer in Success. At least four-sided, since he is known as the "square deal" President, eh?

Fortunately, no question of "State rights" is tangled up in the Republic-Florida misfortune, anyway.

"War is knocking at our doors," says Capt. Hobson. Well, "Uncle Sam" hasn't time to bother with knockers.

A Tennessee juryman recently told the presiding judge to "go to the devil;" whereupon the judge told the juryman to go to jail. And the pretty part of the story is the juryman went and the judge didn't.

A Virginia man recently found a $300 diamond inside a squab he was preparing for the table. A bird of that kind in the hand is worth an entire flock in the bush.

They play a game in Allentown, Pa., they call "Cemetery Whist." Must be the game in which some player persists in trumping his partner's aces.

If Senator "Jeff" Davis really knew the truth of it, we suspect he would quit prodding the big trusts. There probably isn't a man on earth as much in favor of the Senator's remaining in the Senate of the United States as the octopus is.

Jack Binns is not as poetic, perhaps, as Algernon Reginald Montmorency, but 'twill serve!

Mr. Harriman doesn't like the President-elect, it is said. The railroad king has no idea, we suspect, of carrying his dislike to the point of moving out of the country entirely, however.

"What particular treatment do our Congressional doctors propose for Congress' improvement?" inquires the Chicago Post. Well, some people expect Mr. Platt's absent treatment to help the next one some.

The State of New York has forced Harry Thaw to do some hard work in his lifetime, anyway. He never was so busy in all his existence as he has been trying to get out of that White killing.

Neat and Newsy.

From the Charlotte (N. C.) Herald.

The Chronicle finds a good deal of pleasure in a new acquisition to its exchange list—The Washington Herald. One of the chief attractions of this paper is its neatness—in typographical art it stands at the top—but its value is first in the completeness of its news service and the arrangement of the news which it prints. The Herald is one of the finest papers that comes South.

Making the Best of It.

From the Norfolk Landmark.

It is a waste of ammunition to fire away at the entire protective principle under existing conditions. The real struggle of the day is between the moderate protectionists and the high protectionists, and the anti-protectionists will probably have to throw their influence to the moderates to keep from throwing it away. It is a question of making the best of a bad situation.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

MODERN FEATS.

The scientist, as all must own,
Is certainly acute.
He reconstructs from just one bone
A prehistoric brute.

The humorist is, too, a bird,
As well as other folk.
He reconstructs from just one word
A prehistoric joke.

Not Very Well.

"Anybody stay for the concert?"

"One man. We let him see the show free. Couldn't very well ask our gentlemanly ticket sellers to pass among him."

Talent Wanted.

"All the world's a stage."

"I'd like to sign a good cook for continuous home vaudeville."

On Different Scales.

"The rich and the poor are alike in one respect."

"As to how?"

"Neither can save money without economizing."

Maud in Midwinter.

Maud Muller, looking very nice,
Went out to help to harvest ice.
The judge was skating, turned to look,
And instantly a tumble took.

A Champion.

"The tortoise is a kind of an inconsequential critter, seems to me."

"Oh, no. A tortoise once won a Marathon."

A Selfish Motive.

"What made you spare the caitiff's life?"

"Just one thing," answered the hero of the six-best-seller. "We'll need him for a sequel. That was all."

Sure Thing.

"That's the surest way to a man's heart."

"Laughing at his jokes?"

"Naw; listening attentively to his list of symptoms and ailments."

DEMOCRATIC PROSPECTS.

A Western Paper that Sees a Glimmering of Hope Ahead.

From the St. Louis Republic.

That the Democratic party has a bright prospect to carry the Presidency in 1912 with control of both Houses of Congress is the only logical answer that can be given to a reader who wants a candid opinion upon the future of the unperishing party that has been led to popular victories by Jefferson and Jackson, Tilden and Cleveland.

Though defeated in recent Presidential elections, the Democratic party is victorious in many things even now. There has not been a year since popular attention was diverted from questions of home politics by the Spanish war that the Republican party, in order to hold the power it won upon false pretenses, has not been increasingly busy in doing the work which the Democratic party demands shall be done.

By the dynamic force of Democratic principles the Democratic party has steadily driven the Republican party to abandon its ruinous policy of civil war sectionalism until at last a Republican President-elect is looking hopefully for needed support to the very centers of Democracy in the old South.

The Democratic party has driven the Republican organization to a declaration of a tariff policy which almost overlaps the Democratic principles that every law for tariff taxation should hold out the square deal and the equal chance for consumer and producer. Democracy has driven Republican leaders to the enactment and enforcement of laws in the interest of the whole people—laws such as the special interest which control the Republican party have resisted with all their might and still resist.

FOR WHOM THE CANAL?

A Nation Practically Without Shipping Is Building It.

From the Kansas City Journal.

It does seem absurd, doesn't it, that the American people should spend $500,000,000 or more, nobody knows how much more, to dig a ditch across the Panama isthmus which it has no use for in the present, and, at the present rate of progress in things nautical, will never have any use for in the future? However, this state of affairs in regard to our merchant marine is no more absurd than the building of a great fleet of war ships without a single American collier to carry their supplies of fuel. A $500,000,000 canal is a rather expensive luxury for a nation that has no merchant vessels to use it, but a battle ship without coal is as idle, not to say superfluous, as a painted ship on a painted ocean. We have both. And yet Americans are very fond of being called a wise, and enlightened people; a shrewd, practical, hard-headed Yankee nation. They are "hard-headed," certainly, but there is some doubt about the "shrewd and practical," in view of the evidence before us.

The American flag has practically disappeared from the seas, where once our fast clipper-built ships were seen in every port, the admired of all nations. When Secretary Root made his momentous tour of the South American countries, on the Atlantic and the Pacific, he reported that he saw about 2,000 merchant ships of other nations, and one solitary sail under the Stars and Stripes. Consequently it is no wonder that of South America's $500,000,000 annual volume of trade, the maritime nations of Europe get $420,000,000 and we get $80,000,000. The same proportion holds good in the Orient, and our once rich trade with China is diminishing every year. As for Europe, we do not even carry our own mails, much less the products of American brawn and brain.

Naval Reorganization.

From the New York Sun.

The great waste of energy and money on land, the subordination of military to civilian and merely political considerations, and the general confusion and futility that have so long prevailed in our navy yards, may now be regarded as in a fair way of abolition. Concurrently with the scheme of reorganization which has been set on foot by the Roosevelt commission, the Secretary of the Navy has ordained a consolidation of the machinery within the yards, and by placing the new arrangement under the authority of line officers has paved the way finally for a termination of the conflict, the friction, and the wastefulness that have hitherto prevailed. All we need now is an extension of the spirit of this reform to the whole structure of the navy, a subjection of all its functions to military supervision and authority, and a definite regulation of the landsmen to their proper place in the system.

If They Changed Places.

From the Louisville Herald.

Born before history began, John D. Rockefeller would have spent his time hiding in hollow logs to save his life, and Attila, alive to-day, would probably be wheeling slag in a steel plant for $1.25 a day.

His Motive.

From the Chicago News.

Possibly the hold-up man takes to the highways to raise sufficient coin to enable his wife to take to the buyways

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

The Pacific Coast is represented on the Ways and Means Committee by James Carson Needham. Mr. Needham was born forty-five years ago at Carson City, Nev. His parents at that time were en route to California with an emigrant train. His early education was obtained in the public schools of California, finishing up at the University of the Pacific, at San Jose. He attended the law department of the University of Michigan, and began the practice of his profession at Modesto. Mr. Needham was nominated for State senator, and, though he put up a vigorous fight, was defeated, the district being overwhelmingly Democratic. He did not seek State legislative honors again, but aspired to national fame, and was successful. He was elected to represent the Sixth district in the Fifty-sixth Congress. He proved satisfactory, and has been returned with regularity.

REPRESENTATIVE NEEDHAM

Representative Needham is painstaking in his duties, and has been particularly attentive to hearings on the tariff.

* * * *

Go over the House with a fine-tooth comb, and it will be impossible to find a member who is as well informed about and conversant with postal affairs as Jesse Overstreet. He has made a study of Uncle Sam's postal department, and what he doesn't know about its workings and needs isn't worth knowing. When he leaves Congress, it will be hard to find a member to take his place as chairman of the Committee on Post-offices and Post Roads and fill it so acceptably.

With his knowledge of the subject, he combines a force of argument that is hard to combat. He hits right from the shoulder, and when Jesse goes after anything, he generally gets it.

"Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Overstreet in his speech on postal appropriations, "we stood for what we believe to be right without regard to the insinuations of the members who think we ought to join with them without reference to our consciences in voting appropriations to aid members to increase their popularity with the postal employes."

The shaft went home.

The House is pushing through the appropriation bills. The members are working hard each day with the budget, only stopping the discussion long enough to allow some member to get in a speech. It would never do for the aforesaid member to go back to his constituents without ever having his name appear in print.

Over on the Senate side it is a hide-and-seek game between the omnibus claims and postal savings bills. Occasionally they hold their breath and some minor bill is taken up by unanimous consent and passed. Before that is done, however, the sponsor of the bill has to make friends with Senator Kean, for he is always there with his objection unless he is persuaded to let it go.

* * * *

Whether from habit or from a desire to be nice, public men are not averse to having their pictures taken while going to or from the Capitol. A photographer was standing at the entrance on the House side. His camera was in position, all ready to get some famous man as he left the building. A distinguished-looking gentleman approached the photographer with:

"Whom are you going to photograph?"

"Statesmen," answered the camera man.

"Do you have any difficulty snapping them?"

"I don't snap them. I stop them and stand them in a good position to take."

"Do they permit that?"

"Not all of them, but objectors are an exception."

"What do you photograph them for?"

"News."

"Look at me. Am I a good subject for news?"

The photographer looked him over.

"I can't place you. What's your State? Yet you look good to me."

"Well, I'll tell you. I'm not a Congressman, but I am a public man and in the public eye."

"What brand?"

"I'm a book agent."

Just then a Western Congressman appeared, and in a few minutes the camera man had him, overcoat and all.

* * * *

Every day it becomes more and more apparent that the leaders of the Senate have the reins in firm hands. They have made up their minds what legislation shall pass this session, and their programme will be carried out. The youngsters who balk occasionally are not discouraged and whenever they get a chance they bombard the breastworks, but with about the same result that the insurgents in the House bombard the rules.

They are a likely lot, however, and will be heard from later. Senator Aldrich is always around, ever watchful, and when he sees things in danger of going astray, he puts out his master hand and the wayward ones are subdued. He must keep things in shape for the tariff discussion.

A friend asked Senator Aldrich whether he would frame a tariff bill this time. The Senator answered:

"No, I am done with framing tariff bills."

It is a foregone conclusion, however, that the Senate bill will have the mark of having been tampered with by the Rhode Island financier.

Social Psychology.

A. Lawrence Lowell in address on Social Regulation.

One of the chief problems of the twentieth century will be the regulation of other combinations of men, whether based upon race or voluntary associations for industrial and other purposes; and that problem will involve politics, jurisprudence, and social science. In one point certainly the example set in the case of political organizations must be followed. It is that of accepting the natural tendencies of a progressive age instead of trying to run counter to them. The true, and, therefore, the permanent solution must be found in keeping in mind both the individual and the group, and politics and jurisprudence can be wisely directed only by a thorough study of the psychology of the group.

But the Digging Goes On.

From the Boston Transcript.

It is the Rainey season for Panama.

THE WEAVER OF SNOW.

In Polar noons when the moonshine glimmers,
And the frost-ans whirl,
And whiter than moonlight the ice flowers grow,
And the lunar rainbow quivers and shimmers,
And the Silent Laughers dance to and fro,
A sleeping girl
As pale as pearl
Gathers the frost flowers where they blow;
And the fleet-foot fairies smile, for they know
The Weaver of Snow.

And she climbs at last to a berg set free,
That drifteth slow;
And she sails to the edge of the world we see,
And waits till the wings of the north wind lean
Like an eagle's wings o'er a lochan of green,
And the pale stars glow
On the berg and floe * * *
Then down on our world with a wild laugh of glee
She empties her lap full of shimmer and sheen,
And that is the way in a dream I have seen
The Weaver of Snow.

—Fiona MacLeod.

WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR.

Mrs. Walter Farwell, of Chicago, is shortly expected in Washington to visit her sister, Mrs. Patton, the wife of Lieut. Commander Patton, who will return with the fleet a month hence. Mrs. Farwell was born Mildred Williams. Her father was Gen. Williams, of the army, and her mother was the widow of Stephen A. Douglas, the famous "Little Giant," the Democratic nominee against Lincoln, who was as eloquent in the drawing-rooms of society as he was on the stump. Mrs. Williams was a contemporary of Kate Chase Sprague, and the daughter of the Chief Justice, who bent every energy to have her father made President, even making a loveless marriage to this end, and the wife of the "Little Giant" were two of the most beautiful women of their day and friendly rivals.

The Douglases lived in a roomy mansion near the City Hall, then the fashionable part of town, now chiefly given over to lawyers' offices and business houses, and were widely known for their hospitality. The latch string of their house was always out, the sideboard bountifully spread with the drinkables popular in those days, which was before the temperance wave swept over the country, when every man in public life drank his toddy, grog, or whatever he listed, and it is told that he and Mrs. Douglas never took a meal without some expected or unexpected guest.

The famous Mrs. Dougles was a tall, graceful woman, with a shapely head set upon marvelous shoulders, to whom the dress of that day, the low, roupd neck of the Victorian era, and the full skirt, was immensely becoming. But with all her natural advantages—for besides great beauty and charm she had a pretty wit and sympathetic character—Mrs. Douglas would never have attained the social distinction she enjoyed except for her husband, who advanced her ambitious plans, and had a talent for bringing out her very best qualities, since nothing pleased him so much as to see his beautiful consort surrounded by a crowd of worshipers, of which he was the most ardent. A few years after his death, Mrs. Douglas married Gen. Williams, and became the mother of three children, the youngest of whom is the beautiful Mrs. Farwell, who married a son of the late Senator Farwell, of Illinois, whose enormous wealth enables her to do about what she elects in the world. She goes hither and thither, across the continent for a jaunt in a special car, to Europe, the Orient, wherever fancy dictates, and is everywhere hailed as the great beauty she doubtless is, though the friends of her mother will never admit she is either as beautiful or brilliant as that famous woman, who was the toast of her day. But Mrs. Farwell has not always had a great fortune at her command. When her father died he left only his meager pension for the support of his two daughters, and the stories of how they managed to subsist on little or nothing and still keep up appearance, told in Mrs. Farwell's inimitable style, for she has a fine sense of humor and real talent as a raconteur, furnished frequent amusement to her intimates.

Mr. Farwell's eldest sister, Anna, who has written at least one creditable novel, and made several acceptable translations, of which Pierre Loti's "The Iceland Fisherman" is the best known, is the wife of Reginald de Koven, the composer, who was once accused by that exclusive organization, the Alibi Club, of having appropriated its famous song, "Fiddle-dee-dee," adapted from the Spanish by one of its members, dedicated to the club and used by it on gala occasions. Mr. de Koven lived here for a number of years after this incident, when he endeavored to awaken some enthusiasm for music among the fashionables, but that was beyond his power, and following several futile attempts to secure backers to a well-thought-out scheme of maintaining a symphony orchestra, he folded his tent to pitch it again in New York, where he has found a larger and more sympathetic following. While the de Koven's were here they lived in the Meigs house, opposite the Luther Place Memorial Church, where they gathered about them an interesting circle of literary and musical folk.

Mrs. de Koven's sister Rose is married to Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor, the author, and gained some fame as a binder of books. She was a pupil of Cobden-Sanderson, and learned the craft, which she made popular in Chicago, thoroughly. Apropos of England's most famous bookbinder, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is about to give up the Doves' Bindery, which is situated near Hammersmith, a part of London familiar to boatmen the world over, and he will give up, too, his wonderful old house near it, where William Morris lived, thought, and worked, and where some of George MacDonald's novels were penned, and go to the country "far from the madding crowd," leaving the binding of books to some of his pupils. He will, however, install his printing shop in his neat home and print the books for others to bind.

Stella Cobden-Sanderson, who visited Mr. and Mrs. North last year, has gone to Sussex to learn market gardening, and when she becomes proficient in this profession will start a garden on her father's place, with the idea of supplying a part of fashionable London with fresh vegetables.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson is a daughter of that noted free-trader, Richard Cobden, America's good friend and sympathizer. Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, who, by the way, gave the distinguished name she bears to her husband when they were married, has inherited all of her father's radical ideas, and is one of the militant suffragettes of England. Last year she visited this country where she was much chagrined at the lack of enthusiasm shown here for the cause she represents.

Speaking of the Alibi Club, which in the last few years has more than quadrupled its membership, it began in a very modest way something like a quarter of a century back when the governors of the Metropolitan, the Capital's smartest men's club, forbade gambling in its precincts, especially tabooing poker. Some of the young bloods and some of the old bloods, too, for that matter, determined they would not be denied their favorite game, so they hired and fitted up a suite of rooms in the vicinity of the club where they could indulge their penchant for draw, and the little withdrawing place they dubbed "Alibi." The game frequently lasted far into the night, sometimes all night, and so a kitchen was installed where the members of the club could show their culinary skill, for there were no servants save the janitor. This kitchen was arranged after the simplest fashion, but the dishes cooked by the poker players soon became so famous that those who could not claim membership clamored to be invited to some of the feasts. An entering wedge was thus made, and the little suppers cooked and served by the club members became the fad of the hour. One of the popular dishes was griddle cakes.

This club remained very small and very exclusive for a number of years, until the breaking out of the Spanish war, in fact when its membership was so depleted that it was decided to increase it and the roster now contains more than a hundred names instead of the twenty-odd with which it started.

Going by Contraries.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Woman don't need to vote, says Mr. Taft. If that's the case, they'll want to.

AT THE HOTELS.

"The candidate for mayor of New York, to succeed McClellan, will be Theodore Roosevelt," said E. J. Sullivan, a business man of Gotham, who is at the Raleigh. "That, at least, is my opinion, and it is founded on good reasons, some of which I may divulge," continued the Irish-American, "while others I must keep to myself.

"Now, listen, and you may agree with me. Roosevelt was once defeated for that office, because he was a candidate and the powers that were did not want him. You know yourself what defeat means to Roosevelt; it is like waving a red rag at a Spanish bull. It is not according to his Hoyle; that is all. He never forgets or forgives those who downed him, and he will get even if there is a chance.

"Roosevelt will, of course, receive the support of the voters of Catholic and Hebrew persuasion. Both of these communities have received his peculiar favors, and they both upheld him like good citizens.

"Representative Sulzer will be Roosevelt's opponent," added Mr. Sullivan, "and Sulzer is just as popular with the Catholics and Hebrews as Roosevelt, and both of these factions are a powerful factor in New York politics, and must be recognized, because they are good, loyal, and useful citizens."

Speaking about China and Chinamen, Harry J. Norman, of Shanghai, who is at the New Willard, said last night that the common punishment of decapitation in China was considered to be the most severe of all punishments.

"This, to a Chinaman," continued Mr. Norman, who has been in the Orient in business for the last fifteen years, "is the greatest disaster which could possibly happen to him. I agree with him, don't you? I can't imagine anything worse than to have one's head chopped off.

"A Chinaman would rather die a thousand deaths, each more cruel than the other, if he could only retain a perfect body to the end. He believes that after death he goes into the 'dark land,' where life is continued much as it is in this world. He believes that if he is deprived of his head, he will become a headless ghost and doomed to perpetual sorrow. Should he wish to marry, no woman would ever dream of taking a man without a head. His hands might grasp the chop sticks, but there would be no mouth to receive the food. He would never be able to find his road anywhere, and the shades in that mysterious land would start with terror from him as he groped his way through the shadows. Give any Chinese criminal a choice between decapitation and any of the most cruel deaths, and he will instantly choose the latter."

Herman J. Muller, of Mexico City, is at the Arlington. Mr. Muller is an importer, and is visiting this country on business. He is an American by birth, and comes originally from Buffalo, N. Y. Speaking about opportunities for young Americans in Mexico, Mr. Muller said last night:

"The expert in any line, the specialist in any profession, can find an opening in Mexico, as he can in any other civilized country. Whether such a man can do as well in Mexico as in the United States," said Mr. Muller, "is seriously to be doubted. He can usually find a wider scope for his attainments in a country where civilization, viewed from a material standpoint, is high than in a new country or a backward old country; but such a man does not usually ask for advice as to where to locate. He is able to form his own opinion.

"An American young man may be compared to a person who enjoys the best of health and doesn't know what sickness really is. He does not realize the advantages of living in the United States or the sacrifices that must be made in coming to a foreign country, especially such a country as Mexico. The amount a young man is able to earn at the beginning of his career is really a small matter. If he is working in the United States, he is obliged to compete with other young men who are just as bright or brighter than he, and, therefore, he has every incentive to do the very best work of which he is capable. He has the example of older successful men before him. He takes his orders from men who know their business thoroughly, and from whom he is always learning something. He thinks he can accomplish wonders in Mexico. That's where he makes a mistake.

"By the time his blood thins out he begins to realize that the people who have lived in Mexico for 400 years really do know something about living there. He begins to appreciate that he cannot do so much work there in the thin air of the high table lands or the tropical heat of the lower regions as he did in the North. In the course of time he begins to think, what is the use of working so hard, anyway? And a little later of how foolish he was to have ever worked so hard.

"It has been shown in actual experience that Americans and Englishmen who have emigrated to Mexico have, after the second generation, lost most of their original characteristics, including their energy. If that is true, what might have happened to them in 400 years? Perhaps, by the constant addition of fresh blood, the race energy might have been kept up, but, left to itself, there is no doubt that the stock would have sadly degenerated."

"Bristow is coming to the Senate with a chip on his shoulder," said Fred. S. Warner, of Kansas City, at the National, last night. Mr. Warner is a lawyer and is here on business before the departments.

"He proposes to twist the tail of the railroads," continued Mr. Warner, "and assail every Senator who lines up with them. He has already started a fire on the two California Senators. It seems that the railroads of the Pacific are in a scrap with the shippers out there over a proposed increase in freight rates. The shippers recently wrote to Bristow, enlisting him in their contest. Bristow made an investigation of freight rates of the Pacific Ocean steamers and railroads last year in connection with the rates of the Panama Railroad. He recommended at that time that the government place a line of steamers of its own on the Pacific to take care of the coastwise trade.

"In reply to the shippers, Bristow said he would help them in every way possible. 'The trouble is,' said he, 'that both of your own Senators are against you.' This declaration means war between Bristow and the two California Senators in this city after March 4. Bristow will hook up with La Follette in the Senate. In fact, he helped direct La Follette's Presidential campaign in Kansas last year, and only dropped it after he discovered the State was almost solidly for Taft. He then climbed on the Taft band wagon. Bristow will no doubt play the reform string to the limit. That is his only chance for re-election. Kansas has had the habit in the last twenty years of never returning a Senator for a second term. Bristow's only hope of a second term is to 'stir up a lot of turmoil and keep himself in the limelight.'"

War Is Remote.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The jingo once more rejoiceth in the prospect of naval war with Japan, in which he will be far from the scene of danger; and Congress straightway maketh appropriations of $30,000,000 for construction and maintenance of two monster battle ships. Happily, the prospect of a war is about as remote as the average jingo would be from the scene should his fond hopes be realized.